

EVIL EYE A BLIGHT TO MANKIND.

Opposed with Horns, Pointed Fingers and Forked Coral Through the Ages; and Not An Indication of a Criminal Nature---Thorn Has, Guiteau, Holmes, and Even Pio Nono Had It.

THE POET'S IDEA OF THE EVIL EYE.

Excerpts from Theophile Gautier's "Jettatura."

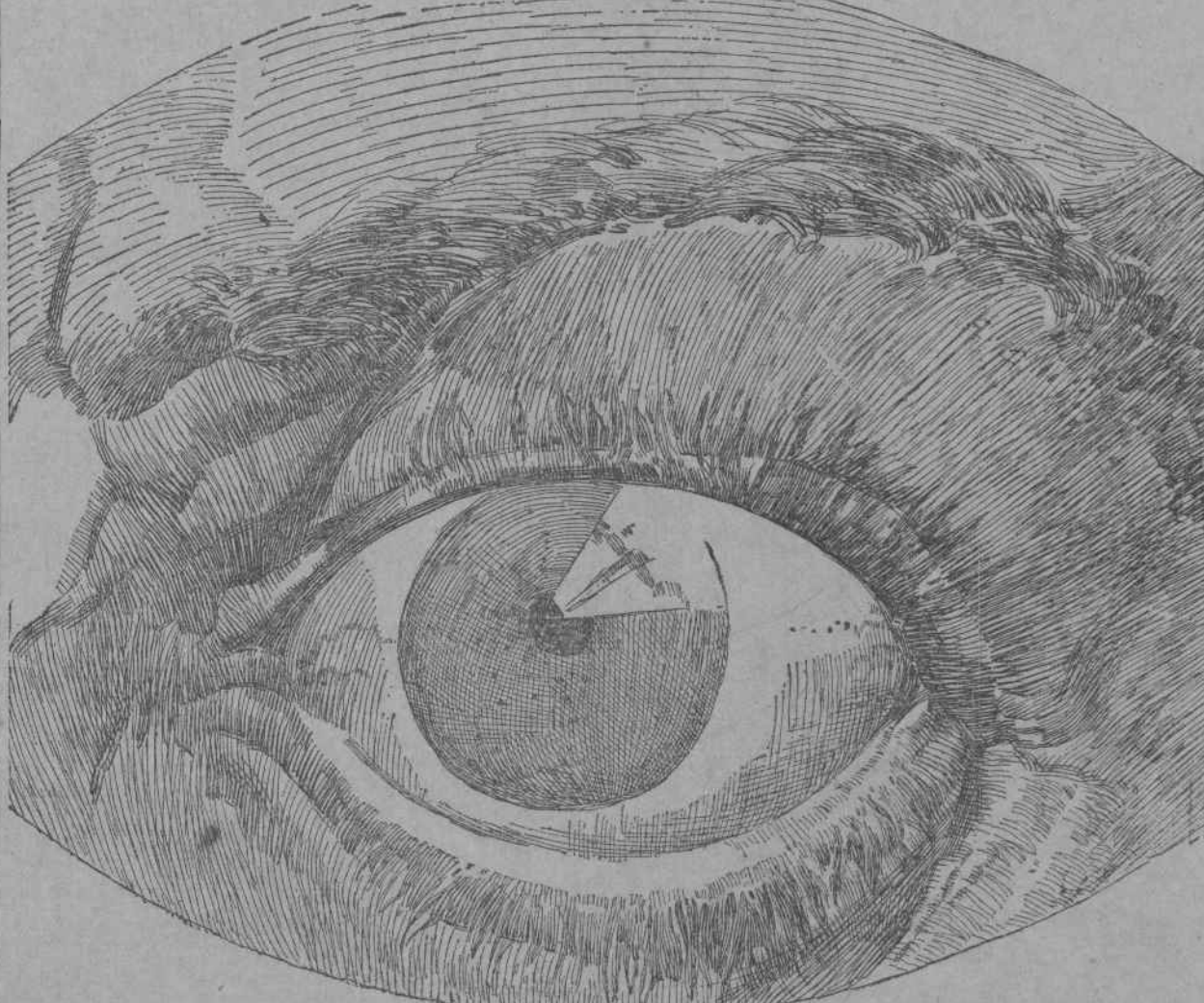
His eyes were extraordinary; the black lashes which bordered them were in contrast with the pale gray color of the irises. The slightness of the bones of the nose made them appear nearer together than the principles of drawing permit, and, as for their expression, it was truly undefinable. When they rested on nothing, a vague melancholy, a languid tenderness were painted in them in their humid light. When they fixed themselves on some person or on some object, the eyebrows came together and modelled a perpendicular wrinkle in the skin of the forehead; the irises, from gray become green, were dotted with black; the glance was acute, almost painful; then all regained placidity, and the personage with Mephistophelic mien became again a young man of fashion.

The noise importuned him, he knotted his eyebrows, dug the wrinkle in his forehead, and let the gray of his irises assume a yellow tint. An unexpected wave, coming from afar and rolling over the sea, bordered by a fringe of foam, passed under the steamer, which it lifted and let fall heavily, broke on the quay in million spangles, and made the row boats strike one another so roughly that three or four fagotini fell into the water.

Paul, angry at the presence of so handsome a young man, looked at her with an air which was not amiable. One of the ropes of the hammock broke, and Miss Ward fell. Six hands were extended to her simultaneously. The young girl had already risen, flushed with shame, for it is improper in England to fall in the presence of men.

Paul recalled his mother, dying in giving life to him, the unfortunate end of one of his little college friends, the dearest of whom had fallen from a tree while Paul was looking at him; an excursion in a row boat joyously begun with two companions, from which he had returned alone, after extreme efforts to drag from the weeds the bodies of the poor children drowned by the overturning of the boat; the assault at arms in which his foil, broken at the button and thus transformed into a sword, had so dangerously wounded his adversary. At the Queen's Theatre, in London, he followed with his eyes a graceful ballet dancer. He liked her delicate pallor that the animation of the dance never reddened, her beautiful silky-blond hair, crowned with stars or flowers. One evening, the dancer, carried by the circular flight of a waltz, razed the dazzling line of fire that separates in a playhouse the ideal world from the real world; her light draperies palpitated like the wings of a dove ready to fly. A gas jet lengthened its blue and white tongue and caught the aerial stuff. In a moment the flame surrounded the young girl, who danced for a few seconds like a will-o'-the-wisp, in the midst of a red light, and threw herself behind the scenes, mad with terror, devoured alive by her burned clothing.

Paul fixed on Alicia a long look, full of passion and enthusiasm. Suddenly the young girl grew pale, a pain went through her heart like the iron of an arrow; it seemed to her that some fibre broke in her chest, and she carried quickly her handkerchief to her lips--his trembling fingers touched at first an immovable body under a fine cloth; then a crown of roses and a face pure and cold as marble. It was Alicia on her funeral couch. "Dead!" exclaimed Paul, "dead, and I have killed her."



Evil Eye Whose Stare Provokes Misfortune and Death.

Its iris is of a color in contrast with its lashes, its nearness to the other eye is extraordinary, its pupil in acute glance is studded with dots, and its knotted brows dig a perpendicular line in the forehead. It is not the eye of a criminal necessarily, but criminals have it, and tradition recommends forked coral and pointed fingers, like lightning rods, against its thunderbolt.

J. Carroll McCaffery, the only attorney who ever had a long conversation with Holmes, died suddenly, September 11.

Dr. William K. Mattern, the Coroner's physician, who testified against Holmes, died suddenly.

A young woman engaged to Rotan, one of Holmes's counsel, died suddenly.

Judge Michael Arnold, who presided over Holmes's trial, has been seriously ill since then.

The other judges who sat with him at Holmes's trial have been ill since then, very seriously.

District Attorney George S. Graham, who prosecuted Holmes, was one of the leading politicians in Philadelphia. He expected to be United States Senator. Since the trial all sorts of reverses have come to him. He lost his money, lost his skill and lost his prestige. He is no longer in society nor in politics.

George S. Barlow, Graham's assistant in the trial of Holmes, has just recovered from a serious illness.

W. H. Shoemaker, another attorney of Holmes at his trial, has been expelled from the Bar of Pennsylvania.

Samuel Ashbridge, the Coroner who held the inquest on the body of Pitezel, one of Holmes's victims, and who testified against Holmes at the trial, was Republican candidate for Sheriff. To be nominated was equivalent to being elected. It was hollow.

Holmes had the evil eye, and all Maliberry street is convinced that Thorn has it, but not all murderers have the evil eye.

A Pope Was Feared.

Pope Pius IX. was supposed to be a jettatore. Jettatore: evil eye. The most devoted Catholics among the rabble in Italy, while they bent their heads and prayed for his blessing, pointed at him the index and little finger that conjure the influence of the evil eye.

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FOLK LORE IDEA OF EVIL EYE.

BELIEF in the evil eye existed in the most remote antiquity. There is an allusion to it in the Bible. Virgil spoke of it in a convinced tone. The bronze amulets found at Pompeii, at Herculaneum, at Stables, the preservative signs drawn on the walls of houses which have been unearthed, show how far this superstition formerly extended.

The entire Orient has faith in it now. Hands red or green are applied to each side of a Moresque house to conjure the evil influence of eyes. There is a hand sculptured on the door of the Judgment in the Alhambra. In the "Mimica degli antichi investigata nel gestire napoletano," an old book of pictures of Italian gestures which antiquarians prize highly, one may find the gesture of extending the index and the little finger of the hand, the other fingers being folded, which conjures the evil eye.

Niccolo Valetta is the author of a manual on the "Jettatura," which defines the evil eye, teaches by what marks it may be recognized, by what means one may be preserved from it. It divides the persons affected with it into several classes, according to their degree of wickedness, and discusses all the questions allied to this grave matter.

Dr. Pellegrini, of Florence, who may not be accused of ignorance, says: "You may not deny the power of the human eye; the light of heaven is united in it with the reflection of the mind; the pupil is a lens which concentrates the rays of life and intellectual electricity jets out of this narrow opening.

"Does not the look of a hero magnetize the whole army? Does not the look of a physician tame the madman like a cold douche? And the bird who, palpitating with horror and uttering lamentable cries, descends from the height of a tree from which it might fly to fall into the mouth of the serpent that fascinates it, does that bird obey a prejudice? Has that bird heard in the nests of feathered gossipers tales of the jettatura? Are not many effects the results of causes which our organs may not appreciate? None may perceive the electric fluid on the lightning rod! What is there absurd in the supposition that from that black, blue or gray disk of the eye a propitious or fatal ray may come?"

Even as the lightning rod attracts the thunder bolt with its point the acute points of horns, on which the man affected with evil eye may fix his glance, attract the evil fluid and despoil it of its dangerous electricity. Fingers extended and coral amulets render the same service. "Two fingers are sufficient," says Valetta. "Ordinarily the evil eye is involuntary; it exercises itself in spite of those who possess that fatal gift, and often when the persons who have it realize their fatal power they deplore the effects of it more than anybody. They must be avoided, not maltreated. Moreover, with horns, pointed fingers, forked branches of coral, one may neutralize or at least attenuate their influence."

"Do you believe in the evil eye?" was asked of Napoleon.

"When millions of men for thousands of years have shared an opinion," Napoleon replied, "it is probable that an opinion so generally accepted is based on positive facts, on a long series of observations justified by events. It is hard for me to believe, however elevated may be the opinion which I have of myself, that so many persons, many of whom were surely illustrious, enlightened and learned, deceived themselves coarsely about a thing that I alone should see clearly."

Imbued with modern science, living in the midst of the scepticism of civilization, may take seriously a popular prejudice, and imagine that anybody may be gifted fatally with a mysterious power of evil. But there is an irresistible magnetism in general thought. Dumas is right in saying that a man arrives at Naples making fun of the jettatura, and soon covers himself with horns, and flees with terror from every individual whose eye may be suspicious.

Jettatore a Suicide.

A nobleman of England, ten years ago, found himself in a situation still more grave. He was suspected in Naples of having the evil eye, and every one avoided him or made in his presence the preservative signs recommended by tradition. Although his reason revolted against such an accusation, he could not refrain from acknowledging that he presented all the indications of the jettatura.

The human mind preserves always a somber corner, where grovel the hideous elements of credulity. Ordinary life is so full of problems which may not be solved that the impossible in it becomes probable. One may believe or deny everything. From a certain point of view dreams exist as well as realities.

Such was the English nobleman's argument to himself. He felt immensely relieved. He was a monster. Although gifted with the most affectionate instincts, he carried

misfortune with him. His look, involuntary, surcharged with venom, harmed those on which it fasted itself even in sympathetic intention.

Realizing his frightful privilege of resulting of concentrated, of distilling morning miasma, dangerous electricity and casting them around him, he threw himself into the sea. He was a jettatore whose evil eye was fatal to himself, but not to the fate of most evil-eyed individuals. So the folk-lore says.

Later may tell you from the color of an eye the temperament of an individual, and physiognomists have rules about fashes and eyebrows as inflexible as Gall's about bumps on the head. But all this, the scientific physician says, is purely empirical. There is hypnotism, of course, but the most advanced experiments in hypnotism prove that subjects may not be forced to do things against which their moral nature rebels. The idea that a man's eye may be fated to cause accidents and disaster harmony is obnoxious to men of science. Still, they do not know everything.

HERE'S A DOG WITH A WHEEL.

Cute Little Fido Appreciates the Pleasures of Bicycling.

Fido is not a common dog. He enjoys the distinction of being the first one of his kind in the whole wide world who has learned to appreciate all the pleasant possibilities of a bicycle. And his enjoyment of the wheel is increased rather than diminished by the fact that he leaves his master do all the work.

It is late in the season now, and Fido's trips are growing few and far between, but during the entire Summer, as soon as the citizens of New York were granted the boon of a fair evening, Fido and his master, E. M. McDonald, of East Thirty-eighth street, could be seen leaving their home near Madison avenue to indulge in a spin on the asphalt of the avenues or along the smoothly gravelled roads of Central Park. No one could fail to notice the happy pair as they glided along at a leisurely rate, and he who saw them knew that the dog was even the happier of the two.

"Oh, isn't he cute!" clamored maidens and matrons, while their lovers and husbands were wondering whether agile little Fido or his good-looking master was the "he" referred to.

"How the dickens can the little fellow do it," asked the wheelmen, who, with wonder, noticed how steadily the smooth forepaws of Fido stuck to the still smoother handlebar. All this admiration continued to grow until it was all over town, and it became an absolute necessity to put the final seal on Fido's fame by subjecting him to an interview.

He was caught just as he was preparing to leave home with his master for a Sunday afternoon's ride.

"Well, Fido, how do you like bicycling?" was the first question propounded.

"How-wow-wow!" replied Fido, enthusiastically.

Translated into human language this means, "Oh, it's hot stuff!"

"And you have no objection to being interviewed?"

Here Fido's master interposed in a most important manner.

"If I were you, Fido," he said, "I should not expose myself to anything of the kind. Notoriety has so many unpleasant consequences--besides being vulgar, you know."

The questioner did not relish the meddling, nor did Fido enjoy it.

"Why shouldn't I be interviewed?" the latter demanded of his master. I am the first dog that has learned to ride on a bicycle. Therefore I am entitled to some notoriety, and I think I can stand the consequences. See?"

He was the cutest among fox terriers, graceful as a cat almost, and the possessor of a pair of big brilliant eyes full of shrewd intelligence. When interviewed, he was striding on his master's bicycle in the position he generally occupies when riding. His hind feet were placed on the neck of the saddle, while his front feet rested securely on the handle bars. Every now and then he made some coquettish little movement, just to show how perfectly he felt at it.

"Go ahead, old man," he said, "I am ready."

"You have not always been a devotee of the wheel, have you?"

"Oh no, indeed! I can still remember the days when I looked upon a bicycle as nothing but a funny machine to be barked at."

It almost looked as if Fido blushed when he made this confession.

"How did you come to form this habit which is rather uncommon in a--a fox terrier?"

"The first step was sudden and unexpected, of course, but the subsequent development to perfection was gradual, slow, and not entirely free from pain. I was accustomed to take a constitutional with my master every evening, and I did not like to see our habits changed by an intruding wheel. Neither could I enjoy running and playing with my master, with dry, hanging tongue, and all the other dogs looking at me with scorn. So I decided one day to lodge a protest. My master did not hear or did not care to understand. When he started on his wheel unmindful of my vigorous clamors for a hearing, I grew desperate and made a leap for his

tail. I landed between the saddle and the

handlebar in a most precarious position. My daring effort came near ending in general disaster among the rabble in Italy, while they bent their heads and prayed for his blessing, pointed at him the index and little finger that conjure the influence of the evil eye.

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POLICEMAN'S FRIENDS.

They Were Two Beautiful Italian Girls and a Little White Flower.

A little Italian girl in soiled one, with brass earrings hanging in her tangled hair and the usual smear of dirt across her angel face, had plucked or picked from the dust of the street a white carnation, says the Chicago Record.

She held it gingerly between a thumb and finger, and took turns with a smaller girl at smelling of the flower.

The smaller one pointed at the huge crossing policeman and said something in Italian.

Both of them squealed with laughter, and the smaller one hopped about on one foot.

The one with the flower started toward the policeman. His back was toward her. When she came within a few feet of him she stopped and looked back at her sister.

It must have been then that for the first time the same black eyes, the same soft heavy features, and they were equally dirty.

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The other hesitated, and then she reached out and touched the policeman on the leg. He turned around. She was holding the flower up toward him, and her face was half concealed by a grimy hand.

"Hello!" exclaimed the policeman, taking the flower.

The girl backed away, giggling, and the other screamed something in Italian.

"Much obliged," he said, the policeman, touching his helmet.

At this both of them shrieked and ran for the alley. The policeman grinned and tucked the flower in behind his star.

TENNYSON, POET.

The beacon erected to the memory of Alfred Tennyson by some Americans and a few of his own countrymen has been duly dedicated on the Isle of Wight. It was

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FREE BOOK FOR WEAK MEN

"Three Classes of Men" is the title of a little pocket volume I have just issued, showing the effects of early abuse or later excesses. Every weak man, single, married, young or old, should read it and get the benefit of my thirty years' experience as a specialist in the scientific treatment of Drains, Losses, Impotency, Lame Back, Varicocele and Undevelopment.

Medicine Will Not Cure.

I know the action of every drug that was ever prescribed, but let me say as physician to patient, as man to man, medicines at best will but stimulate. They do not tone. Why not use that potent force which nature so bountifully bestows upon us--the element most important to life in